The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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FORGIVEN MUCH, SHE LOVED MUCH

Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace. Luke 7:50.

The miracles at Capernaum and at Nain spread the fame of Jesus far and near in Palestine, and led a prominent Pharisee named Simon to press upon the Master an invitation for dinner. Not that Simon was a disciple and believer, but rather that as a prominent man he posed as a liberal one also, affecting that although fully content with himself and the expectations of the Pharisees he had nothing to lose nor to fear from the new and wonderful Teacher. Jesus accepted the invitation, and after the manner of the time reclined at the table with the Pharisee and the other guests. At an earlier date the Jews had been accustomed to sit upon the floor cross-legged when eating, but had changed this for the Persian custom of a sloping couch table, where the guests reclined resting upon the left arm while feeding themselves with the right hand, the feet extending back from the table portion of the couch.

Privacy in the home is still unusual in the East. Neighbors, friends, visitors, feel at liberty to come and go much as they please, sometimes coming in to converse with the guests while dinner is being served. Thus it was that while Jesus and others were at dinner a woman of the city, a disreputable character, came into the room with a vial of very precious ointment in her hand, walked to the back of the table couch and directly to the feet of Jesus. Her intention evidently was to annoint his feet with the ointment, but ere she had succeeded in breaking the seals and unstopping the vial her pent-up feelings found expression in a gush of tears which rained upon the Master's feet —an indignity where she had intended honor. Quickly unfastening her hair she used it as a towel to dry the feet, and then, as expressive of her love and sympathy and adoration, while wiping the feet she kissed them repeatedly (for so the Greek text implies). Then, opening the alabaster vase, she poured upon the blessed feet the sweet, odorous ointment as originally intended.

The Pharisee said nothing, but in his heart concluded that he now had proof that Jesus was not a prophet, else he would have known intuitively that the woman was a sinner, and would have repulsed her approach even to his feet, and would have denounced her and her sinful life in no measured terms. Simon, however, was measuring the Lord by his own standard, for he appreciated not the loving sympathy of Jesus' heart, and that, although he recognized the woman as a sinner, he had compassion upon her—especially in view of the evidence she gave of shame, contrition and reformation. The incident furnishes us with a blessed illustration of our Lord's sympathy for those who come unto him accepting his mercy and love and forgiveness, however, unworthy they may be of his fellowship.

One thing is noteworthy; this Pharisee seems to have entertained no thought of impurity on the part of our Lord, or that there was any acquaintance between him and the sinful woman who did him honor. Evidently the Lord's face and general demeanor were such as to preclude all thought of evil on his part. So should it be with all of the Lord's followers—their words, their manner, their looks, should all witness to that high and lofty standard of character which would place them above reproach or insinuation. It may not be possible for us to manifest so high and lofty a standard as did our Lord, because he was perfect while we are imperfect; but we should aim for his standards as nearly as possible.

Jesus answered Simon's unexpressed thought with a little parable concerning two debtors, the one owing his Master five hundred pence, the other owing fifty pence. When both parties were forgiven, which debtor would appreciate the more the creditor's generosity? Which would have the more love for him? The question was addressed to Pharisee Simon, who answered that he supposed the one who had been forgiven most. This off-hand answer seems to imply that Simon did not, up to this moment, realize the bearing of

the parable upon his own case and that of the woman—that he represented the debtor owing fifty pence, the woman, the greater sinner, owing five hundred.

Simon had been congratulating himself that he was honoring the Master by having him to dinner because of his own honorable station in society, and that this poor woman was dishonoring him because of her inferior station and evil reputation. Our Lord reverses the picture before his mind by calling his attention to the fact that he had really neglected the usual hospitalities of the country as respects an honored guest, while the woman had made up for his lack. It was the custom of the country for a host to receive his guest with distinguished attention, to embrace him, to kiss him on the cheek when he entered, to have his head annointed with perfumed ointment and to have a servant wash his feet. Simon, as a wealthy and prominent man, knew all this, and would doubtless have followed the ordinary custom had his guest been one in high social standing; but his invitation had been of a patronizing sort. He felt that he was doing the Master an honor to bring him into his house, and that for the sake of others he would not wish that this honor should seem too pronounced, because the followers of Jesus especially were ignorant, unlearned men and not used to the best customs of society. His own servants would occupy a higher social plane really than the disciples of Jesus, and hence he felt that he must restrain his manifestations of hospitality lest Jesus and his humble band and the public should get the impression that he really recognized Jesus, a Teacher, as his equal or his superior.

Our Lord in no unkind terms called Simon's attention to the fact that he neither gave him an annointing, nor kissed him, nor provided the washing for his feet, but that this poor woman had washed his feet with her tears, had kissed them, and had annointed them with a very precious ointment. The Master associated these facts of the moment with his parable, and declared that this was an indication of greater love which the woman bore and of her greater appreciation of his message of forgiveness and mercy. Her course intimated that she had accepted the Lord's declaration, and so now he probably formally declared to her that her sins were forgiven. To the Pharisee he explained that he, having less to be forgiven, had been less appreciative of the privilege of forgiveness, so the penitent sinner got the blessing and the much more nearly righteous Pharisee failed to receive it.

Let us bear in mind that it was not the woman's works that saved her and brought her the Lord's favor, nor the ointment, nor the tears nor the kiss —it was the faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. 11:6.) According to our faith it shall be unto us. But let us not forget that faith must work; that if it does not work it is a sure sign that it is dead. So surely as we have the true faith in the Lord, so surely good and honest hearts will bring forth worship, praise, honor to our Lord and Master. These conditions of our hearts will surely manifest themselves as did the woman's by tears, by service to the feet of the Master, by an annointing of the most precious perfume that we can bring.—Selected.

THE following little prayer was used at the last morning flag-raising at a girls' camp in Sundridge, Ontario, last August. It was written by the leader, Miss Edgar:

"God make my life a shining torch
To shed afar a cheerful glow:
That gloom may vanish, gladness come
Along the pathway which I go."

—Louise Comes Reeve.

MAGIC CARPET

Not the least precious memories of early years are those that gather about books, and those first eager excursions in the realms of literature.

It was that sort of memory that some time ago led one of our literary critics, J. C. Squire, to sally forth in search of a certain book for his sons. He was looking into a distant and vivid past in which he saw a small boy curled up in an armchair reading "The Swiss Family Robinson." That was the book for his sons. He would read it again himself. He would recover the old excitement over the battle with the snake; refresh his memory as to the habits of the armadillo and the duck-billed platypus; and, above all, see that picture of the house in the tree which was the basis of the earliest of his ambitions, and (alas!) the least likely to be fulfilled, unlikely though all the others may be.

He found no little difficulty in getting a copy. For the bookseller seemed to look upon him as an antediluvian! He managed in the end and once more had a sight of the book of his boyhood, "a classic beyond all dispute," he says and Squire should know a book when he sees one.

"The Swiss Family Robinson" was also one of the books of Ian Maclaren's boyhood and evidently make a deep impression, for his schoolfellows say that one of their favorite haunts was a place at the top of the South Inch, near Perth, which they dubbed "Falcon's Nest," where they attempted to reproduce the most vivid incidents from the story.

Harriet Beecher Stowe tells how one rainy day she found at the bottom of a barrel of her father's old sermons and pamphlets a copy of the "Arabian Nights." Henceforth her fortune was made. It was not read once and then dismissed, but was

read daily, becoming ever dearer as an old friend. It transported her to far-off lands and gave her a new world of her own. Thereafter, when the boys went to play higher up in the barn than she dared to climb, or started on excursions in which they considered she would be an incumbrance, she would curl up in some quiet corner and sail forth on her bit of enchanted carpet.

J. M. Barrie has told something of his early adventures with books, which so far as the book of the magic carpet is concerned, is in humorous contrast to the experience of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Barrie and his mother were great chums. They read many books together when he was a boy. "Robinson Crusoe" was the first and the second and "Arabian Nights" might have been the next. They got it out of the library, but on "discovering that they were Nights, when we had paid for Knights, we sent the volume packing, and I have curled my lips at it ever since." Not everyone, however, can afford to do that, not having, like Barrie, a magic carpet of his own!—Christian Science Monitor.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Nut and Date Bars

Mix 3 egg yolks with 1 cup sugar. Sift 1 cup flour with 1/2 teaspoon cream tartar and 1/4 teaspoon soda, a little salt. Add to eggs and sugar with 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup dates, cut in small pieces. Last, add the 3 egg whites beaten stiff and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread in rather a large tin to bake, so the bars will be thin. These are fine.

* * *

Biscuits Without Shortening

1 quart flour, 4 level teaspoons cream tartar, 2 level teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix and sift all well together, and add two cups—or a little less—of sweet milk. Bake in hot oven. When done and still hot, brush tops with a little butter.

* * *

Vegetable Casserole

One cup cold diced potatoes, 1 cup carrots, 1 cup corn, 1 medium sized onion, 2 cups medium white sauce, salt, pepper and butter. Arrange layer of each of the vegetables in a baking dish, salt and pepper; repeat. Cover with white sauce and thick layer of buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 1/2 to 3/4 of an hour.

* * *

Mexican Potato Salad

Two cups cooked cold diced potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped pimento stuffed olives, 1/2 cup diced cucumbers, 1/4 cup chopped, hard-cooked eggs, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 2-3 cup salad dressings, 4 pieces lettuce. Mix potatoes, onion, olives, cucumbers and eggs. Add salt, paprika and salad dressing. Mix and serve cold on lettuce leaves. This is very good.

* * *

Old-Fashioned Gingersnaps

1 1/4 cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup shortening, 2-3 cup sifted brown sugar. Heat molasses, shortening and sugar to boiling point. Add dry ingredients and beat thoroughly. Chill and drop from spoon to greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven seven minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

* * *

Cinnamon Apples

Make a sirup of 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and 1 cup red cinnamon candies. Pare and core as many apples as needed and cook whole in sirup until tender but not broken. Remove from sirup and chill. For dessert fill centers with whipped cream. For salad fill center with cream cheese and chopped nuts.

Handy Hints

Serve fruits raw for their vitamin content. Raw fruits are excellent for salads.

* * *

When choosing your new hat, select one which can be worn with more than one costume.

* * *

The secret of looking well dressed when traveling is to take just a few well-chosen clothes and pack them carefully.

* * *

In selecting fruits for making jellies always procure those which are somewhat under-ripe. Fruits in order to make good jelly must contain pectin and if fruit is over ripe pectin is not found in it.

* * *

If a thick cloth is placed at the bottom of the pan or bowl in which delicate china or glass is being washed the danger of chipping will be lessened. This will also prevent silver from being scratched.

* * *

Woodwork which has to be painted should be well smeared with lime water, which can be obtained at any druggist's. Let dry and then paint. The paint will dry in half the time. Put the brush in water when you have finished. It will be quite soft for next day.

* * *

Cut lettuce leaves to be used in sandwiches with a pair of scissors. Trim off all edges that project beyond edge of sandwich.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "**Shall** I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you **have** sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correpondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I am writing to thank the dear friends who have sent me cheer in the past. I would appreciate any kind of cheer for myself and two small children. Mrs. Joe Hill, Gibsonville, N. C.

2. Mrs. I. Y. Gaines, 208 Geneva St., Muskogee, Okla, writes that she is an old lady, 64 years old. She is a widow, living with her daughter, and is almost an invalid. Quilt scraps or any kind of cheer would be a great help to her.

3. I am writing to you asking for thread of any kind or quilt pieces, as I am nearly ten years old and can do quite a lot to help Mama. I would also like some toys for little sister who is seven years old. So, hoping to hear from you, I am your little friend, Geraldine Rhoads, Cleveland, Ark.

4. It has been quite a while since I have received anything from my Cheerful Letter friends. I do hope they haven't forgotten me. I would appreciate quilt pieces, magazines, or anything to amuse the children. The two girls are 12 and 9 years of age, and the boys are 6 and 4 years and 18 months. I want to thank all who have sent me cheer in the past. Mrs. George R. Nolen, Ivy Depot, Va.

5. Miss Mercy Testerman, R. I., Box 84, Rugby, Va., a young girl, 21 years old, who has been crippled since she was three years old, would appreciate quilt pieces, embroidery and reading, to comfort her.

6. Mrs. Lillie Williams, 214 Geneva St., Muskogee, Okla., is quite without means of support. She has one child, a boy, almost 12 years old. She would appreciate scraps and embroidery thread to piece quilts.

7. Mrs. Elizabeth Blevins of Brandon, N. C., writes that she has not heard from any of her Cheerful Letter friends for a long time. She is 52 years old and quite rheumatic. She certainly would appreciate quilt pieces or cheer of any kind.

8. I have read one of the Cheerful Letter magazines and enjoyed it very much. I would like to receive some reading matter such as magazines or books suitable for children up to 19 years old. We were in an awful tornado last year, and lost everything. A drought followed the tornado this year and our crops are ruined. We were spared and not hurt badly by the tornado, so we have much to be thankful for. Mrs. J. H. Hardester, Rex, Ark.

9. Mrs. Alice Sneed, R. 4, Box 187, Dayton, Tenn., would appreciate books and magazines for herself and husband. She would welcome letters from her friends.

10. Mrs. Annie Bryant, Scotland, Ark., reports that all their crops have been burnt up through lack of rain. She has ten children, one a young

boy who has been crippled for a long time. She asks for white cloth for bandages for his leg, also books for him to read.

11. I would like to hear from some dear friend who might send me some cheer. I would enjoy some embroidery work for myself and daughter, also any kind of good reading for my two boys. Mrs. Nellie Kennedy, R. 4, Box 197, Dayton, Tenn.

12. Miss Birdie Cruise, of Spencer, Va., would enjoy books or magazines to read. She is 22 years old and would like love stories especially.

Change of Address

Mrs. Joe Hill from Silesville to Gibsonville, N. C.

AT CHALLONER

A school which has only one rule, the Golden Rule, is bound to be interesting, and this is the case at Challoner School, South Kensington, London. This school is inspected by the Board of Education, and offers a wide education to about 100 girls from 3 years old up to the age for university entrance. Most of the girls attend daily, a few are boarders, and boys are admitted up to the age of 10 years.

The purpose of education at this, as at most progressive schools, is to build sound character, to produce the public-spirited man and woman. In considering earnestly how best they might attain this end the founders of the school reasoned that to bear good fruit all activity, education included, must be governed by law, and that the Bible, with its Commandments, its Golden Rule and its Beatitudes is the source of all true law.

In their study of the Scriptures the children discover that the Bible is alive; that the experiences of the people they read about there are very much their own everyday experiences. It dawns on them that power comes from following good; that it is impossible to work against good and succeed; that far from being theoretical the Bible teachings are based on invariable law which can, and must, be worked out in everyday affairs.

Teaching at Challoner might perhaps best be described as "plastic." The younger children are told something, a story, it may be, a poem or an incident from history, and then, to prove how much they have understood, they translate it into another medium. They draw the story, or act or model it until, instead of being flat like a photograph, it actually lives to them, stands out in relief.

The school is situated in a broad thoroughfare leading to Kensington Gardens, so that the boys and girls know the Gardens intimately, and last year the youngest children were invited to model the story of Peter Pan in the enormous flat zinc tank provided for such purposes. The teacher helped the children to plan and to shape their ideas into coherence, but they did the work. Sand formed the land and the island in the middle of the Serpentine. Stones were brought in for rocks. Peter's boat—with a scrap of linen for a sail—was plaited of twigs into its proper bird's nest shape. Peter himself was a celluloid doll. Real seedlings had to be dug in the woods and planted for trees; grass was sown, and half a packet of parrot's seed provided the wild vegetation that must cover the island.

How adroit the little fingers became! What rich lessons were learned in geography, in natural history, and in physics, not to mention that compound of virtues, cooperation! Other things, too, were discovered: That all living things turn toward the sunshine; that plants take time to grow; that it is not helpful to dig them up each day to see if they have started yet; that, on the whole, provided you water them faithfully and give them plenty of sunshine, they grow best if you leave them alone.

Although character building is definitely the underlying purpose of every subject taught at Challoner, the atmosphere is the reverse of monastic. Many helpful currents from the world flow through the school. In the English class, with the girls as speakers and the teacher as president, topical subjects, such as "Should War Films Be Shown?" are debated with vigor; visiting lecturers speak on varied subjects; and the school is enrolled as a junior branch of the League of Nations.

Neatness, unselfishness and gentleness are the chief subjects in the homemaking course in which all the children take part without being aware of it. "Push gently—Pull gently" runs the legend on the big swing doors. Most things are done gently at Challoner. It is felt that homemaking will come naturally if children are surrounded by beautiful things, are taught to appreciate them and encouraged to take care of them. For this reason everything in the school is as pretty and as dainty as it is possible to make it.

Although not all the girls take up a career when they leave Challoner, they do go out with the realization that they are expected to be of service, that far from being finished their education has only commenced, and that there is no limit to what may be learned, nor to the beauty that waits to be discovered. — Christian Science Monitor.

Farmer—An' how's Lawyer Jones doin', doctor?

Doctor—Poor fellow! He's lying at death's door.

Farmer—That's grit for ye—at death's door an' still lying. —Drexerd.

GIFTS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE SEA

2. France

France was once the possessor in North America of a vast empire, which extended from Labrador to the Floridas, and from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean to remotest lake of Canada. This vast empire was lost to France with the cession of Canada to England in 1763, but 60,000 were left to perpetuate the race and to regain, by its peaceful infiltration all over North America, a part of this lost empire. For a century after the conquest they remained attached to the soil that their pioneers had redeemed from the primeval forest, but in the middle of the 19th century the spirit of adventure of their Norman forbears reasserted itself, and first in small groups, then in large exodus, they invaded New England.

They were mostly peasants. Weaned from the farms of their ancestors by economic conditions, they sought this Eldorado which promised work for the whole family and gold for those who diligently searched for it. They found work for the whole family in the cotton mills, (before the era of stringent child labor laws). The larger the family, the larger the revenue, and very soon a round sum, the nucleus of the family fortune, loomed up in respectable proportion.

They are home builders. The love of home is, after all, the foundation of good citizenship. They grouped themselves around the church, that zealous priests erected from a steady flow of small contributions. Soon parochial buildings and bilingual schools clustered around the church. Order, thrift and acquisition of property presided over these groupings. Attachment to ancestral traditions, to the religion and language of their fathers intensified their pride in American citizenship, their loyalty to American institutions, for they have found that they can retain unmolested these racial characteristics, until, in Massachusetts alone, half a million of them have acquired a permanent settlement. Here they have received a generous welcome, the comforts of life, a just recognition of their sturdy virtues.

In every little hamlet, in large industrial centers, personalities vigorously assert their racial traits in the eternal struggle for life. They are loyal friends and loyal fighters.

These oldest of North Americans, whose forbears discovered and explored two-thirds of this Continent, when they cross the Canadian frontier simply integrate vast spaces trodden by French feet long before any European had reached these shores, preceded only by the Spaniards in the South.

While the people of French Canada, as a whole, refused to join the Colonists against England in the War of Independence, many volunteers crossed the lines and offered their services to the Colonists.

In the War of '61, a number of French Canadians again crossed the lines, while many already established in Massachusetts enrolled in the Army of the North and fought for the maintenance of the integrity of the Republic.

In the Spanish-American War, many French names from Massachusetts alone, adorn the list of veterans.

Finally, in the World War, in our period of preparation long before our declaration in 1917, long before the enactment of our compulsory draft, Franco-American youth in large numbers voluntarily enlisted.

The late Senator Lodge, writing once on the problems of immigration, said of the French Canadians that they were a valuable addition to the population. They can even claim precedence of the Pilgrims and Puritans by sixteen, for Champlain explored Massachusetts Bay in 1604.

From this conglomeration of races will a composite type be evolved? Can different nationalities live side by side in harmony under the protection of the same flag without infringement upon the rights of one another? We might cite the case of Switzerland. But in this country, under our protecting, humanitarian laws, the slow evolution of our population is tending towards absorption, towards unification, with few exceptions.

This racial group brings to the general welfare, to the common weal, the honesty, the thrift, the respect for law, and the loyalty that have characterized the French Canadians in Massachusetts. May they retain the moral traits, the physical stamina of their hardy pioneers, the patient explorers, who by their discoveries mapped out a New World to the suffering, oppressed masses of the Old!

(Quoted from the Historical Review, Contributions to Civilization, Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary.)

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

AIR NECESSITY TO HUMAN BEINGS

This is a sign which we see all over the country at practically every service station. It ought to remind us that air is one of the few things which we use that costs us nothing. Air is a vital necessity to all human beings. Without it we can live but a few moments and since it is on the free list, there is no reason why each one of us should not have a sufficient supply to keep us healthy and strong. Fortunately, we seldom hear of death resulting from a complete shut-off of the air supply, but many illnesses can be traced to neglect in providing ourselves with an adequate amount of good fresh air.

Air lacking in freshness is generally referred to as impure or stale air. The impurity may be due to its having been breathed several times; to dust, smoke fumes, and so forth. This type of air may maintain life, but it certainly is unhealthy. Such conditions, if present, are found inside buildings. The outside air, even in cities and industrial centers, is always fairly good as nature purifies it and keeps it circulating. Every one who has been out in the open spaces of the country will have noted the stimulating effect from the pure air with which he was surrounded. Thus it is, that no matter where one lives or works, he may be sure of plenty of good air if he remains outside of buildings. If he must be inside, it is necessary to use some means of changing the air or it soon becomes stagnant and impure and unfit for breathing. Signs of the unhealthy nature of such air will not be long in appearing. Those exposed will feel tired and heavy and lack pep. They will have dull headaches and may feel sick at the stomach. These signs should be regarded as danger signals showing the need for a greater supply of fresh air. If no attention is paid to the signals, people continuing under these undesirable conditions, will grow pale, the quality of the blood will become impaired, there will be loss in weight and strength with increased susceptibility to colds and other minor ailments which are difficult to shake off and may develop into long periods of illness.

If we always remember that whether at work, rest or recreation in buildings, it is necessary to make provisions for a supply of fresh air, we may avoid much of the ill effect resulting from lack of ventilation. A properly regulated opening of windows and doors will practically always insure the necessary supply of fresh air. It is a fact that a liberal and constant supply of fresh air during the hours of working and sleeping is one of the greatest of natural elements in promoting health. It is also true that this great nature tonic is free for the taking. Let us, therefore, adopt the following simple measures since they cost us nothing and will lead to increased health and happiness:

1. Spend as much of our spare time as possible out of doors.

2. Take up outdoor recreations and amusements.

3. Walk to and from work when possible. To walk once a day is better than not at all.

4. When outside, breathe deeply and a couple of times each day take several deep breaths, forcing all the air possible out of the lungs and then filling them up with a fresh supply.

5. Keep living rooms at home ventilated through open windows and doors in good weather. In Winter or bad weather open the windows several times a day for a few minutes. This will change and freshen the air without causing discomfort.

6. Keep bedroom windows open all the year around.

7. If an indoor worker try to teach the value of ventilation if there is objection to open windows.

8. When weather permits, get outside at noon.—R. M. Filson, M.D., Gorgas Memorial Institute, Hartford, Conn.

GIVE THEM THEIR CHANCE

Recently a young boy was vaccinated against smallpox and was then proudly sent off to school for the first time. Satisfied that they had discharged their obligations toward their offspring the parents fondly awaited results. These promptly came in the form of school reports stating that "John was dull."

As a matter of fact, John was not dull. He was, however, badly undernourished and in addition had adenoids. With these conditions remedied the boy quickly reached the head of his class. This story has a moral.

Thousands of parents take the physical condition of their children for granted. Assuming that the absence of pain means positive health, no investigation for possible latent troubles is made. This false attitude has annually sent out a tremendous number of young people physically handicapped for their school work.

It must be understood that pain is an indication of an acute or sub-acute condition. In many physical states needing urgent correction, it is altogether absent.

Health departments, through rural inspections, are in some jurisdictions investigating the physical condition of the pre-school child. But for the most part this obligation, both in the country and the city districts, still rests with the parents alone.

Weak eyes, bad teeth and tonsils, undernourishment, defective hearing, impaired hearts and many other deficiencies do not manifest themselves through pain at all. Indeed, so clever are they at concealing their existence that an investigation by a physician is required to bring them to light.

Young school children deserve to start their school careers "at scratch." This advantage will not be theirs unless they are physically fit. Get them thoroughly examined for bodily defects. Give them their chance. They will need it.—John Clarence Funk, A.M., Sc.D.

A certain merchant was anxious to increase his trade. Just before Christmas he issued an ad. stating he would give presents to all his customers. These presents were to be coat hangers and cigar lighters. Next day the store was crowded. The two presents neatly packed in one bundle were duly given out—a nail and a match.

THE ANTIQUITY OF "MODERN" GAMES

Lately the tennis contingent of the sporting world has focused its attention on Wimbledon. On golf courses overseas the "Emperor Jones" has been widening his domain. Here at home citizens protestingly claim that brilliant arc lights above miniature golf courses keep them awake at night. Country club courses and public links are daily crowded with players. Local tennis courts are well patronized. There is some knocking of ping-pong balls about; and while polo, requiring stamina and a pony as a vital part of the equipment, remains a game for the few, only the croquet mallet suffers from considerable neglect.

Many of us remember that croquet had an enormous vogue in the nineties. Then within our time tennis and golf came to their present great popularity. But what we may not realize is that we are merely sharing in the revival of games older by centuries than any player now alive.

Society may have the means to make polo fashionable these days; but polo is credited with being the most ancient of games played with a stick and ball. Its name derives from the Tibetan "pulu," or ball, and it is the one major sport which has come westward from the Orient. From Persia, where its earliest records are noted, it spread to Turkey and the Far East. Throughout an existence of more than 2000 years there have been twelve varieties of the game, involving feats of horsemanship as well as skill with ball and mallet. British Army officers serving in India, where polo has been played for centuries, first brought the game to England in 1869. Polo is supposed also to be the ancestor of hockey and the Irish hurling, possibly of golf and cricket.

From Greek and Roman ball games through the French "jeu de paume," historians have traced the rudiments of tennis, of which ping-pong is a fairly recent evolution in miniature. The origin of its name is obscure, though "tennis" is believed to be a corruption of "Tenez!" the command in French to "Take it! Play!" As early as the thirteenth century, kingly personages in France were devoted to the game. From Shakespeare's "Henry V" we may learn that it had gone over to England, where the Elizabethans were familiar with a tennis vocabulary not unlike our own. Professionals first appeared on public courts in the eighteenth century. But the swindling of bettors soon threw the game into disfavor. In that same eighteenth century the "Oath of the Tennis Court" associated the game with that bold action of the Third Estate, which was one of the outstanding gestures of republicanism preceding the French Revolution.

The history of croquet gives this game a French origin, developed from "Paille-maille," in which the "croc," or crooked stick, was used. Popular in the fourteenth century, it became "pall mall" in England Scotland, where it may have been introduced by Mary Stuart. In fact, that hapless lady was accused by her enemies of having played "golf and pall mall in the fields beside Seton" only a few days after her husband's murder.

Contrary to the accepted idea today, golf was not originally a Scottish game. The Dutch word "kolf," for "club," is taken by authorities to indicate its invention by Hollanders who have also been pictured at its play. The century in which golf found its way across the North Sea is not definitely known, though in the fifteenth century the Scots were neglecting the more important defense measure of archery practice to such an extent that James IV issued an edict forbidding "fute-ball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis." By 1618, however, the Hollanders had created a tariff problem for James VI, then James I of England, by reason of the amount of Scotch gold and silver which went out of the country in exchange for Dutch golf balls.

Down the years the fascinating chronicles have continued, and in the realm of sport the old loves are still the best.

—Detroit Free Press.

LIFE

Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed:
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great
Between the infant's and the man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
Or soar on wings!

—W. M. Vories, in Presbyterian Advance.

AMATEUR LAWYER

Penitent: "I have stolen a fat goose from a poultry yard!"

Priest: "That is very wrong."

Penitent: "Would you like to accept it, Father?"

Priest: "Certainly I will not receive stolen goods—return it to the man from whom you stole it."

Penitent: "But I have offered it to him and he won't have it."

Priest: "In that case you may keep it yourself."

Penitent: "Thank you, Father."

The priest arrived home to find one of his own geese stolen. —Hummel (Hamburg).

A MAN'S PRAYER

By Carlyle Fahlsworth Straub

Let me live, O Mighty Master,
Such a life as men should know,
Tasting triumph and disaster,
Joy—and not too much of woe;
Let me run the gamut over,
Let me fight and love and laugh,
And when I'm beneath the clover
Let this be my epitaph:

Here lies one who took his chances
In life's busy world of men;
Battled fate and circumstances,
Fought and fell, and fought again!
Won sometimes, but did no crowing,
Lost sometimes, but didn't wail,
Took his beating, but kept going,
Never let his courage fail.

He was fallible and human,
Therefore loved and understood
Both his fellow-man and woman,
Whether good or not so good.
Kept his spirit undiminished,
Never failed to help a friend,
Played the game till it was finished,
Lived a sportsman to the end.

ORCHID SOURCE OF VANILLA FLAVORING

Bean from Tropical Plant Which Has White Flower

That the vanilla bean, the extract of which is used in almost every household as flavoring for foods, is provided by the variety of tropical plant called the "orchid" is probably little known by even the best cooks. Orchids are best known for their beautiful flower, emblematic of opulence and fantasy. They grow in their natural state as a parasitic inhabitant of the great trees of the forests in Mexico, Java, Seychelles and Brazil, and are especially common on the banks of the Orinoco river.

The variety that bears the vanilla bean is the vanilla plantifolio, which grows with long fleshy stems and clings to the branches of trees by long aerial rootlets. This species of orchid has a greenish-white flower, which, after blooming, forms a pulpy fruit pod which averages half an inch thick and 6 to 12 inches in length.

The plants are cultivated by setting cuttings at the foot of trees in a clearing in the forest or by training them to grow on a trelis. The plants bear fruit on the third year of planting. The time of gathering is important, because if the plants are immature the beans are almost flavorless, and if left too long the pods split when dry.

A slow drying process, either by the sun or artificially, is the main method used for curing the beans, after which the pods assume a shriveled and dark-brown appearance. An alternative method is to soak the pods in boiling water and then dry them in a woollen bag. The pods while drying discharge a syruppy liquid of oily character which sometimes causes a peculiar skin infection to the workers unless precautions are taken.

After the drying process is completed the beans are almost black, with a flattened, slightly tapered and wrinkled contour. The beans then contain about 1½ to 3 per cent of the chemical substance "vanillin," upon which the flavor depends. The surface of the pods sometimes are covered with long crystals of this substance, and the household commodity is extracted from the cut-up bean by dissolving in water and alcohol to which sugar has been added.

The chemist has evolved a method whereby "essence of vanilla" can be made synthetically, and this process has been used to a large extent during the last few years. It is interesting to note that chemists have done their work so well that the artificial flavor is almost indistinguishable from the natural extract. This new process consists of oxidizing another chemical substance known as "eugenol," an extract of cloves, by blowing through a mass of this substance either ozone gas or ozonized air. It has been found that by subjecting eugenol to ultra violet rays the process is improved.

—Selected.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON WATER

Water is found most everywhere, especially when it rains as it did the other day and our cellar got full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water and so does horse radish when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world; rain water, well water, soda water, holy water, and brine. There is a girl in our school named Waterman. All the boys say "Waterman you are" and then she gets mad. I don't think girls look good when they're mad.

Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea. If they're wasn't any ocean their ships couldn't float and they would have to stay on shore all the time. Water is good to make dams in, and to fire at the boys with a squirt gun, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big fish the other day and when he hauled it in it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work the engines. This is all I can think of about water except the flood.

"I sure fixed Tommy. He'll never copy again."

"How did you do that?"

"Simple. He used to copy all my answers. I thought I would teach him a lesson, and consequently in the final exam I put down the wrong answers. He copied them and flunked the course."

"Gee, that's great, but how did you get through?"

—U. of S. Cal. Wampus.

"Gosh! I never thought of that."

LUX PERPETUA THROUGH THE AGES

A lamp said to have been burning since 323 B.C. may now be brought into the garish arena of twentieth-century research. If still alight, it was burning before Caesar landed on the shores of Britain, burning that day Christ was nailed upon the Tree, burning, too, throughout the Dark Ages, and when Columbus reintroduced North America to Europe, "Lux perpetua." This light perpetual will have been burning, if it is found, for 2253 years, since it was set in the tomb of Alexander the Great.

Today the sepulcher of Alexander, greatest and most able man of battles that the world has suffered from, is being sought for in the mosque of Nebi Daniel in Alexandria, the Egyptian Government having authorized their antiquities department to proceed with excavations. The burial place is uncertain, though, beyond a doubt, Alexander died in Babylon from a malignant fever on June 29, 323 B.C., and in his thirty-third year. Traditions are numerous in Greece and Asia Minor regarding the site of his tomb, and the treasures therein. And one of them vows that within the tomb there burns a perpetual lamp, one of the mysteries of the ancients, and such as records tell us was found in England in the tomb of Constantius Chlorus, near the church of St. Helen's, York.

Camden, the famous seventeenth century antiquary and writer, sceptic as he usually was, believed the tradition that Constantine the Great was buried in York, and that a lamp was found burning in the vault of the little chapel wherein the Caesar was buried. For, says he, had not the ancients a secret of dissolving gold into a fat liquor, which, when burning, reabsorbed itself.

There have been many accounts of such everlasting lamps—apart from that related by Camden, which took place at the spoilation of the monasteries. One came to light so couparatively recent as 1853. Fifteen hundred years after she had been buried, Tulliola, the much-beloved daughter of Cicero, was brought to light in her sepulcher on the Appian Way. Hard-by her body, which fell to ashes on being lifted, there was also a lamp burning. It, however, went out as the air gained admission. This lamp is taken to have burned since 44 B.C.

The last and most recent discovery of this strange secret was made at Bacna on the road from Cordova to Grenada, and close to the site of the Roman's Castellum Priscum. It was harvest-time, 1853, and the workers were busy in the fields around the old tower; but an urchin, idling around, saw a cleft in the ruins; and, there having been much talk of treasure hidden therein, he scuttled off to the farmer and his men with the news of his find. A rope was tied under his armpits, and he was lowered down the cleft. His feet soon reached a paved surface, and his eyes were blinded by the vivid yellow light cast on the floor, walls and low stone bench running around the tomb from a lamp at the head of the sarcophagus. In trying to loosen the lamp, which was heavy and cruze-shaped, the lad broke it, and the fuel that fed the flames was lost.

—Boston Transcript.

SUNSHINE

Sing a song of sunshine;
Smile a bit, and see
How much less of sorrow
In the world there'll be.
Send the light of laughter
Tinkling through your tears—
Send a song of sunshine
Singing down the years.

Sing a song of sunshine;
You should never let
Gloom enshroud your spirit;
You should never fret
Over trifling troubles
Here today and gone—
Sing a song of sunshine
Then keep singing on.

Sing a song of sunshine;
Let sweet nature teach
That, though days be many,
There's joy for each.
When your own heart's aching
Dully through and through,
Cheer some soul who suffers
More by half than you.

Sing a song of sunshine;
Brothers, do you hear?
Sunshine puts a rainbow
Into every tear.
Though the skies be cloudy
Play they're clear and blue—
Keep a song of sunshine
In the heart of you.

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

EVERY year has	365 days
If you sleep eight hours a day it equals	122
This leaves	243
If you rest 8 hours a day	122
This leaves	121
There are 52 Sundays	52
This leaves	69
If you have half-day Saturday	26
This leaves	43
If you have 1½ hours for lunch	28
This leaves	15
Two weeks' vacation	14
Which leaves	1 day

This being Labor Day, no one works; so you don't work after all.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SHOE HOUSE

Dorothy and Douglas, the twins, couldn't imagine what was in the big package the expressman brought Mother. It had come all the way from Paris and was a birthday gift from Aunt Elinor.

In the letter to Mother, Aunt Elinor said something about "souliers." As that was a French word that didn't help the twins in guessing. But when Mother unwrapped the big box, she called it "A Bootery!" She said "souliers" meant "shoes" in French.

Douglas said, "A Bootery is really a little house for shoes!"

"Almost like a doll house!" exclaimed Dorothy, "for the box has little rooms."

"One room for each pair of shoes," said Mother. "Isn't this a pretty shoe house? All lavender paper on the outside and flowered paper in each room."

"Let's make a shoe house for our shoes!" said Douglas to Dorothy.

"Let's each make one," answered Dorothy. "If you'll put partitions in, I'll paper your shoe house for you."

"I'll get you two wooden boxes," said Mother, and she found two that were just alike that had held apples in them. Then she hunted around for colored paper.

By the time Douglas had made six little rooms in the two shoe houses, Mother had found a lot of pretty paper. Some was flowered wall paper, and some was gay-colored paper that had been back covers on advertising catalogues.

Dorothy had a ruler, pencil, pair of scissors and a tube of glue. "I am going to paper my shoe house with green and lavender flowered paper on the outside," she said. "And I think I'll use pink tissue paper to line my rooms."

"Won't that soon get soiled" asked Mother.

"If it does," said Dorothy, "I'll put clean paper another color in after awhile. It's such fun to paper a shoe house!"

"See here," said Douglas, laying down the little saw he had been using from his toolbox. "I'd like to have every room in my shoe house a different color!" He picked out red, green, silver, orange, blue checked and tan papers.

"That's a good way to use the scraps," said Mother. "You could cover the outside of your shoe house with shiny oil cloth or cretonne, if you wanted to. They are easy to glue on."

"Each color," said Douglas, "means a certain pair of shoes." He watched Dorothy measure the rooms, rule and cut the paper to fit, and very carefully dab the glue around the edges of the back. Then he helped her glue these linings in. "The red room is for my felt bedroom slippers, the silver for my patent oxfords, the orange room for my brown shoes, the blue checked for my rubbers and the tan for my tennis shoes."

"You won't have to hunt any more on the closet floor," said Mother.

"Oh, let's fasten our shoe houses on a wall!" said Dorothy.

Douglas placed his shoe house horizontally, and Dorothy hers vertically, and they both enjoyed keeping them as neat and tidy as possible.—Christian Science Monitor.

A QUEER BOAT

Beside my Grandma's bedroom door,
  There always stands a boat,—
Just stands and stands there on the floor;
  Where it can never float.

It has six bulging sails, all white,
  And masts and keel, and O
What fun, if it had been made light,
  The way boats are, you know!

But it is heavy as can be,—
  A door-stop—that's its name—
And it can never go to sea!
  Now wasn't it a shame.

To make the very prettiest boat,
  To anchor by a door,
Where it will never, never float—
  Just slide along the floor!

But Grandma says it serves a use,
  Is beautiful besides,
And I can play the anchor's loose,
  The carpet is the tide.

And I'm the captain, and her chair
  Is where the harbor lies,
And if I sail in safety there,
  I'll find a big surprise.

So sometimes, on a rainy day,
  I sail across the sea,
And when I'm anchored in the bay,
  Then Grandma signals me.

And sends a little bundle down,
  Over the side—a top,
A picture-book, a toy, perhaps,
  Or just a lollipop!

—Anne Cleveland Cheney.

"And can you cook like Mother used to?"

"Yes, if you can stand indigestion like Father used to." —Answers.

TWO SONGS

Sing me, thou Singer, a song of gold!
Said a careworn man to me:
So I sang of the golden summer days,
And the sad, sweet autumn's yellow haze,
Till his heart grew soft, and his mellowed gaze
Was a kindly sight to me.

Sing me, dear Singer, a song of love!
A fair girl asked of me:
Then I sang of a love that clasps the Race,
Gives all, asks naught—till her kindled face
Was radiant with the starry grace
Of blessed Charity.

—Edward Rowland Sill, in "Poems."

HE brushed his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised toothpaste.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore his rubbers when it rained.

He slept with the windows open.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He relinquished his tonsils.

He golfed, but never more than 18 holes at a time.

He got at least eight hours' sleep every night.

He never smoked, drank, or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen, daily.

He was all set to live to be a hundred—

The funeral will be held next Wednesday. He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings!

HARD TIMES

That little house had lost its former grace;
The living room, uncarpeted and bare
Boasted a scanty couch, a wretched chair.
What was the dining room, now futile space,
Had only a few bedclothes folded there.

The furniture had been exchanged for food.
The stove remained, its nickel shining bright.
Clean curtains, too, hid from the world the plight
That had been overtaking this small brood,
So shorn of living's wonder and delight.

The father, trudging miles for work each day,
And sometimes happened on a trifling task
To keep starvation's dreaded pangs away.
The present seemed, for just a moment, gay,
And labor lifted misery's dark mask.

That little house was stripped of luxury,
And yet I was, in the brief time I spent
Within its walls, in splendid company,
High Courage, Faith and Cheer sat close to me,
And Love, in rags, stopped there to nurse Content.

—Anne Campbell.

WE thank Thee for the beauty of a new day. May we keep our lives so in tune with Thy beauty everywhere that it shall be reflected upon all whom we contact. Amen.

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Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.
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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

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